

Miscellaneous Cabinet.

NON QUO, SED QUOMODO.

VOL. I.] SCHENECTADY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1823. [NO. 10.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

ARTICLE III.

What is it advantageous for a Woman to know?

Having pointed out, as well as I am able, the few things which are indispensably necessary, our next inquiry is, what things will contribute to her advantage, usefulness, and felicity?

Forty or fifty years ago, the education which was ordinarily given to females, embraced only what was absolutely *necessary*, to the exclusion of all that was merely advantageous or pleasing.

The arts were discarded as useless, and the sciences, if not as dangerous, at least as beyond their reach. It was perceived that the arts gave to females, who had the happiness to possess them, more consideration in society; that they had risen one step in public opinion; and that they possessed one more means of pleasing, which greatly added to personal attractions, and could sometimes even supply their place. The whole system of education was immediately changed, and now, that which is useful is so absorbed by that which is agreeable, that females of the present day are almost wholly occupied with the latter.

Nevertheless, few children are born to be *musicians* or *painters*, and no efforts, however great, will obtain from them that which nature has refused to grant. The best masters may be employed, and the best means of improvement afforded, but these facilities, where genius is wanting, can do more no than make them moderate *artists*, if they do not render the pupil ridiculous, in displaying foolish pretensions, which society will either never admit, or acknowledge only by concluding that these boasted abilities are the fruit of much labour.

Even where nature has given a strong propensity for the cultivation of the arts, a woman is no sooner married than they are abandoned; she has now other occupations to engage in, and other duties to fill; and she finds the pleasure of playing a piece on the forte piano, with tolerable success, is too dear a purchase, when it requires the study of an entire week for its accomplishment. What satisfaction can she find in a clumsily executed drawing, or a ridiculously daubed picture, to balance the waste of time which might be so much better employed! To renounce these arts then, which obstinately fly before her, is, at least a proof of her good sense.

The expense which is incurred in the pursuit of merely ornamental learning, is much

less to be regretted than the *time which is lost*; for the time of education being, perhaps, the most precious of life, it is necessary to be extremely cautious in its expenditure. Why obstinately persevere to make a vineyard on ground which utterly refuses to produce a vine, but which might be made a beautiful field or fine meadow? A parent ought to labour in the education of his children, like an enlightened husbandman in the cultivation of his grounds. He does not say, "I will have a field here, a vineyard there, and a meadow there, because it pleases me," but because the soil is favourable to the perfection of each. He consults the soil, and does not demand what it *cannot* give, for fear of losing the harvest which is indigenous to it.

A meadow, a garden, a forest, a village; in fine, all the varieties of nature, are beautiful in their respective places, and concur to promote the general harmony of the creation, each in their kind, though all may differ; and, by a parity of reasoning, it is easy to perceive that to every woman cannot appertain the same talents, merit, and perfection.

Painting and music, form, at the present day, nearly the whole of a fashionable education; but the study of these arts, even when a female continues to cultivate them with some sort of success, is not that which will be most useful to her, in the course of her life.

Hitherto we have only considered her in her domestic character, as presiding over her own household. This, it is true, is the post which society, and perhaps nature has assigned her; but it sometimes happens that unavoidable circumstances force her out of it, at least occasionally. Even during the life of her husband, she may be under the necessity of attending to his affairs, but this is not all. Death may intervene; she may be left to struggle with the miseries of widowhood, and find these miseries aggravated by the necessity of attending to concerns difficult and unpleasant.

Suppose, for instance, she has a law-suit depending. It is not, indeed, necessary that she should be herself a lawyer, neither that she should be condemned to read authors who have written on jurisprudence; but, would she not find that degree of knowledge extremely useful, which will enable her to discern good advice from bad, and to read and understand a law that concerns her? What an advantage would it give her, if all the natural graces of her sex, she joins the talent of deducing her reasons with clearness and elegance.

ORTHOEPY.

FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS CABINET.

NO. II.

LEGISLATIVE—LEGISLATOR—LEGISLATURE.

With respect to the pronunciation of these words, some of our good speakers are either very careless or a little ignorant; the former is most presumable, of course.

The first of these words we frequently hear pronounced with the full accent on the second syllable, and a secondary accent on the last; thus—

le-jís-la-tív ;*

and still more frequently, a little nearer the mark, with a secondary accent on the first syllable, and the full accent on the penultimate; thus—

lèd-jis-la'-tiv.

Now what should prevent the man who has got so near the point, from coming up to it at once, and pronouncing the word *correctly*, with the full accent on the first syllable, and a secondary accent on the penultimate; thus—

léd-jis-là-tiv ?

The second "is like unto it."—It has about as many incorrect pronunciations as the first, and is *correctly* pronounced on the same syllables, viz : the full accent on the first, and the secondary accent on the penultimate; thus—

léd-jis-là-tor.

The last, though certainly a word of as staid and grave import as any of them, takes, in its pronunciation, among the multitude, some of the most fantastick and eccentric forms imaginable; not the least *wonderful* of which is,

le-jish-la-tsher.

Now what necessity there may be for flying so far from the centre of gravity, in the enunciation of a word almost synonymous with gravity itself, seems rather hard to determine.—Perhaps the thing had better be labelled *Lausus Naturæ*, and passed by. The word is sometimes pronounced with a secondary accent on the first syllable, the full accent on the penultimate, and the ultimate *chewed*; thus—

lèd-jis-la'-tshur.

The fact is, although in the republick of letters, as well as in other republicks, legislation should be a plain and simple process, and every thing connected with it should be plain and simple, yet, upon examination, it will be found to have become so full of tortuosities and twistifications, that here, as in other places, some of the law-makers are not only law-breakers, *breakers*.—Polyhymnia! Calliope! come back you jade, and help

and Tim Tongue is informed that we have to be destitute of figured vowels. We will ever, to make him intelligible.
For fear

Ed. Mis. Cab.

me through with this essay, or I'll sacrifice to you no more! To return, then, the word should be pronounced with the full accent on the *first* syllable, and the secondary accent on the *last*, without any *chewing*; thus—

léd-jis-la-tùre.

As smooth and as easy a pronunciation, certainly, as any the letters are capable of taking. And since it is the only polite one, why is it not unanimously adopted?

Yours, &c.

TIM TONGUE.

DESULTORY.

YOUTHFUL AMUSEMENT.

I always view with pleasure, a party of young people, assembled together for amusement and instruction. While the apples are standing on the stove, and while the nuts are cracking in the corner, I love to hear the cheering anectode and lively laugh go round. As the youthful mind delights to soar in the airy regions of fancy, let them, when thus assembled, converse of the merits of the works of the celebrated "unknown," or of the genius pourtrayed in the *Spy*, *Pioneers*, &c. Let them, too, dwell upon the theme of ancient history, be well acquainted with the sufferings of their fathers, when fighting for their liberty, and the happiness of their children.—This would cause all young people to peruse with avidity the pages of the novelist, the poet and the statesman, in order to enable them to pass well in the company with which they mingle, and would be much more praiseworthy than the foolish nonsense of "*button, who's got the button?*"

Every one must make an entry on the stage—I will therefore, gentle reader, give you my debut. I received an invitation to attend a party at Miss C's. I blacked my shoes, brushed my coat, and obeyed the summons, after receiving all the information I could gather, and bowing before the glass several times very genteely. My heart beat terribly as I was shown up stairs. I made an elegant bow as I entered the room; but unluckily, my foot caught in the carpet, and down I came. I, however, soon picked myself up, and was helped to a chair. The thoughts of the accident dispelled as I gained confidence, and at last I was appointed to kiss a girl—I did it—but oh, what a shocking noise I made! I found there was a difference between kissing a glass, and the round, plump cheeks of a blooming lass. There was a general laughter broke forth; my partner frowned, and at that moment had she asked, I should have exclaimed, as Jonathan did, when courting the deacon's daughter—

"Sall asked him if his heart was whole,
His chin began to quiver;

He did not know, he felt so droll,
But *guess'd* he'd lost his liver.

I then began to wish to retire, and the party soon broke up; as we arrived at the door, I proffered my services to see a fair one home. The chill winds of March whistled round, and rain had made the ice look white before the door; my arm was taken, but I had not proceeded more than six steps, when I slipped, and had the misfortune to fall under the weight of my partner. This accident was the end of my troubles—I brushed the dirt off my new clothes, and when I had finished, looked round for my fair one—but she was gone!

From the Christian Journal.

REVIEW OF KRUITZNER.

Lord Byron, besides founding a tragedy on this tale, has given it a new circulation in the reading world. He states that it made a deep impression on him at the age of fourteen, and contains the germ of much that he has written. To this it must be added, we fear, that it has furnished, or at least developed, many of the dark traits supposed to exist in his own character. At all events, be the *actual* Lord Byron what he may, Kruitznér, as far as he goes, is a resemblance to the *ideal* Lord Byron of the public. And it is much to be feared that the same tale, read in this connexion, may produce in others the bad effect it doubtless produced in him. If so, it is to be lamented that new editions of the work are now printing, and a public eagerness awakened, which must produce an extensive circulation of its mistaken and even mischievous contents.

Kruitznér is a tale founded on both mistaken and mischievous principles. Its moral is indeed good. But it belongs to that class of works which open and develop certain bad feelings naturally latent within us, which ought never to see the light; or rather, which ought never to be *seen*, in a merely critical light. Every man has some fault or latent sin, which he can keep under by moral and religious principles; but which, if he learn to regard it with a merely scientific or curious eye, may become too familiar to him, and lose gradually its repulsive aspect. Evil, in such a case, becomes rather a phenomenon for investigation, or perhaps merely to be gazed upon, and that till we become familiar with it, than a violence done to the moral instinct. The chemist and anatomist subdue many feelings of disgust in the practical department of those sciences; and it is to be feared that inward disgusts of more vital importance will insensibly be weakened by becoming conversant with the phenomena and operation of frail and wicked propensities. Passions and sentiments, of which one might forever have been almost unconscious, will be penetrated to, exposed, and roused, by the merely curious and

unsanctified knowledge of itself, which the heart thus acquires. The very brooding of the mind will quicken a germ within it, which otherwise would have perished. How far such brooding and wrong study may have injured Lord Byron, is for himself to judge.—They certainly will injure others.

There are many novels chargeable with this bad tendency; or at least there *were* many such, the cotemporaries of Kruitznér. And this latter, as if to mark its affinity, is a German tale, though written in English. The hero is the son of a Bohemian count; a voluptuary, full of self in all its forms; self-love, self-will, and self-conceit. He disgraces himself in public stations; and then, without waiting for reproaches, abandons his father and his home. After rioting for a period in the wealth he carried off, he begins to fear its too great diminution; at length, under an assumed name he marries an amiable woman in humble life; some years afterwards, he is encouraged by his father to expect a reconciliation; but on his way home, travelling without his wife and son, he gives himself up for three months to the “vices which had already made a wreck of his honour and his peace;” he is again discarded when his father is informed of his misdoings, but is permitted to send his son to be brought up as the heir of the old count. Many years afterwards, his supplies failing, and hearing of his father's death, and of the danger of the interference of a collateral relative to obtain the estates, he undertakes to return to them, with his wife and another child; they are detained by sickness on the road; are beset by the emissaries of his rival relation; under very tempting circumstances of both need and secrecy he commits a theft; the next day he is unexpectedly joined by his long absent son, who mentions the robbery with the due proportion of severe words, as “villain,” and “ruffian.” These appellations sting the father, and he declares himself to be that ruffian; the son and the father agree to cast the blame on a suspicious stranger then with them; on the same individual is laid the charge of the murder of the obnoxious relative which occurs the night following. Kruitznér with his wife and youngest child escapes, arrives at his paternal domains, and is acknowledged; the elder son soon joins them, and is gradually discovered by the father to be as bad as himself. At length the stranger formerly accused unexpectedly appears, and assures the father, in the presence of his son, that that son was the murderer of the relative before mentioned; the son acknowledges the crime with the most abandoned unconcern, flies and joins (or rather *rejoins*) a band of robbers, and is slain in an attack on them. The father, never happy, becomes completely broken-hearted, and dies. Such are the outlines of

the tale. It shows that a bad man may be punished in his fortune, in his children, and in his thoughts; the book will scarcely allow us to add, in his conscience. And this, unquestionably, as far as it goes, is a good moral.—But the interest of the reader is continually solicited in behalf of this Kruitznier. He is accordingly introduced, sick, distressed, and beset by spies; every way inviting pity. We are told, indeed, that he had “pride rather than dignity,” and that “the love of pleasure, (voluptuous dissipation,) was the great spring of his soul;” and we see him, under a feigned name, communicating his disgrace to the honest family into which he married;—but we are also informed, that “he was not a villain;” his robbery is termed an “indiscretion;” and “though the slave of passion, he was not deliberately capable of those actions it seemed to prompt.” Kruitznier also is made to appear to advantage as compared with his son, whose character is an unfinished sketch of a most finished villain. These features of the book are sufficient to destroy all the beneficial effects of the moral connected with the story.

But the more important objection is the philosophy or metaphysics occasionally introduced, relating to the mental course and progress of sin, which so captivated Lord Byron. It may be very scientific to ascribe the “undermining of parental duty and affection” to a “pride,” which mistook the advantages of education, fortune, rank and ancestry, for a personal gift, and thus “resolved not to be accountable to man;” but it would be vastly more practical to exhibit this want of filial love as a hardened contempt of the laws of God and nature, and of men. It may be true, as a metaphysical curiosity, that a latent pride is the seed of such fruit; but this truth is not formidable enough for moral purposes; for the seed is so small as scarcely to attract notice, much less receive reprobation; and when the fruit appears—why, fruit from the seed is but the course of nature,—and the unfortunate person is rather to be pitied than condemned! This sentiment is avowed in another passage, in which it is declared, that particular circumstances might “render him of necessity the very villain” it had been “suspected he would prove;” a villain from necessity! a philosophical mode of speech, intimating that strong difficulties and temptations take away the sinfulness of sin! nine out of ten of mankind who thus study the metaphysics of their evil deeds, will be apt to forget their moral burden on the conscience.

To selfishness and pride all the faults of Kruitznier are ascribed. When he resolves to address an amiable woman, leaving her unsuspecting of his bad name, lest he should be repulsed, the theory of his baseness is, “it had

never made a part of his character to contend with any passion:” how pitiful, in a moral point of view, is such a remark on a procedure so vile! it should have been branded as meanness and fraud; but such plain dealing with Kruitznier would have demolished the hero of the story. When, long after marriage, he relapsed into vice and excess, it was because the hope of reconciliation with his father, renewed his arrogance and conceit, and imagined importance, and led him to “self-applause and congratulation,” and “his pride demanded an indemnification for the privations [of voluptuous debauchery!] it had long undergone. When again he steals a “rouleau of gold,” his yielding to the temptation is accounted for on the same principle; “how should he who had never known what it was to contend with one imperious wish, now stem the torrent?” And to the same effect, in every ebullition of passion, and in every difficulty, Kruitznier does wrong, simply because he had begun wrong, and must, for good metaphysical reasons, so continue. So that, though the narrative has a moral, technically speaking, it is yet utterly deficient in sound moral principles. Nay, there are even sly attacks upon religion; “the region of eternal blessedness is to be occupied by minds, not bodies;” that is, there is *no* resurrection of the body.—And it is doubtless on this account that we are to expect, in the future world, “to know [recognise] each other by the sympathetic influence of the virtues and affections!” The opinion of Job was, that after worms had destroyed him, he should yet, in his body, see God, and his eyes behold him—and of course, that he should, in his body, and with his eyes, see and know his fellow saints.

In conclusion, this petty novel would not be worthy of a review, but for the artificial notoriety which it gains by Lord Byron’s commendation. Perhaps it would be a good enough book of its kind, as good, almost, as some of Miss Edgeworth’s, if it had not received so fatal a key for its interpretation, as the having had a share in forming the character of that unhappily conspicuous nobleman. Under all the circumstances, it seems proper to expose its contents in their true light, lest other minds should unwarily find in it the same dangerous attractions.

MILES.

Agricultural.

From the New-Hampshire Statesman.

Our farmers are beginning to feel an interest in the manufacture of cider, since they have ascertained that its value in the market can be increased *ten fold* by increased attention; and that the flavour of it can be made to rival many imported wines.

We have obtained permission to publish, for the information of all who duly appreciate the importance of the healthy liquor, the following remarks concerning it, communicated to Gov. Woodbury, by the Society of Friends at Canterbury.

CANTERBURY, June 9, 1823.

To His Excellency Levi Woodbury,

"Justly esteemed and much respected friend—"

"The process of making and refining cider, in order to make it good, is so simple, (though important) that many people overlook it, supposing the mystery so very deep as to be entirely out of their reach; and others, tenacious of the customs of their forefathers, shut their eyes and ears to any improvement, however propitious to their interest, content with their ill-flavoured and unwholesome beverage during life. Should we exhibit what we know with regard to the management of cider, some people would laugh, and say, we do all that, and a great deal more—and probably they do, and add many more ingredients, such as water, pomace and rotten fruit; and perhaps something more from fowls, beasts, and vermin; none of which make the cider any better. However, we shall not hesitate to give it as our decided opinion, that northern or cool climates are much more favourable to cider, than those southern or warm; though what greatly contributes to the goodness and delicacy of cider, is the cleanliness of the casks which contain it. In fine, all utensils employed in making cider should be kept clean, and not suffered to get sour through the whole process; even the press should be frequently rinsed down during the time of making cider, in order to prevent sourness, or a change in the cider.

To clean the casks which have been used for cider, we take them from the cellar as soon as convenient, after the cider is out, (reserving the lees for stilling) and rinse each clean, first with a pail-full of scalding water, then with cold, leaving the casks with the bungs down till dry; then we bung them tight, and return them to the cellar, or some other convenient place (not too dry) for their reception. Previous to filling these casks with cider the ensuing season, we scald and rinse them again as above.

Apples that drop early we make into cider for stilling, it being unfit for table use; the spirit of which, together with that of the lees, we return back to our store cider at the time of racking, which is generally about the first of January.

Cider made of apples before they are fully ripe, we deem unfit for drinking; and even when ripe, if they are made into cider during warm weather, so as to produce a sudden and rapid fermentation, it will unavoidably be hard and unpleasant.

The fact is, the slower cider is fermenting, the better it will be at any age; consequently the later in the season it is made, and the cooler the weather, (if the business can be conveniently performed,) the better, especially for long keeping.

About the first of November, we think a suitable season, if the weather be dry, to gather and put under cover, apples for cider. After lying in this situation, till mellow, (not rotten,) commence grinding. The cider trough should be large enough to contain a whole cheese, in order to admit the pomace, (if the weather be cool) to lie over one night before pressing. This method contributes much to the colour and goodness of the cider. In the morning, press it out gradually, and put it up into the casks, through straw, or rather a seive fitted and placed within the tunnel, to stop the pomace; after which we convey it immediately to a good cellar, leaving out the bungs, till the fermentation chiefly subsides, which may be ascertained by the froth settling back at the bung hole. We then drive in the bungs tight, leaving a small spigot vent a while longer, if need require, to check the pressure; but which must finally be made air tight.

About the first of January, we rack it off, free from the lees, into clean casks: those that have been used for spirit are to be preferred; Otherwise, having drawn off one cask we turn out the lees, scald and rinse as before mentioned, put in three or four pailfulls of cider; then burn in the cask, a match of brimstone attached to a hooked wire, fixed in the end of a long tapering bung, fitting any bung hole. When the match is burnt out, take off the remnant, apply the bung again, and shake the cask in order to impregnate the cider with the fume. Put in more cider, and then another match, add from one to three gallons of spirit, (obtained from the lees and windfalls as above) to one hogshead; fill up the cask with cider, and bung it down air-tight, and let it remain till it becomes of mature age, which will require at least two years. Cider managed in this way will keep pleasant for ten years, and perhaps for twenty, though we have never kept it over six, being necessitated to make a premature use of it in scarce seasons.

We would not be understood by any means to suggest a notion that good cider cannot be obtained without addition of spirit, but the contrary, especially that which is intended for use within one or two years; yet spirit gives a permanent body and will insure its preservation, if the above directions are strictly attended to."

Missionary.

RELIGION OF THE BATTAS IN SUMATRA.

Mr. Prince, the British resident at Natal, in this island, drew up, for the information, and at the request of the Hon. Sir T. S. Raffles, the following

Account of the Religion of the Battas.

The present religion the Battas is a compound of the most ridiculous and barbarous superstitions, founded on human depravity. They do not, however, worship images; but believe in the existence of certain deities, whose attributes bespeak the existence of a better race of people than the present. Their names and descriptions are as follow:

"Dee Battah assee assee," the Creator and Father of all; who appointed three brothers—Bataragourou, Seeree Padah, and Mahalabhoolan—his vakeels, or agents, to instruct mankind.

"Bataragourou" is the God of Justice, and is described literally under the following character—"Fish in the wears, he will restore to their element; property forgotten, he will return; a measure filled to the brim, a just balance, and upright judgment are his." These are the principles which Bataragourou was appointed to instil into the minds of mankind; but the Battas acknowledge themselves strangers to their adoption.

"Seeree Padah," is the God of Mercy.—"He will repair the clothes that are torn, give meat to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty, heal the sick, relieve the oppressed, give advice to the weak, and shelter to the friendless."

"Mahalabhoolan" soon quarrelled with his brothers, separated from them, and set up the practice of tenets directly opposite to theirs.—Hence he is described as "The source of discord and contention; the instigator of malice and revenge; the inciter of anger; the source of fraud, deceit, lying, hypocrisy, and murder."

Of these three brothers, you will not wonder that the last is most powerful, or that he has most adherents. The Battas acknowledge that they apply to and beseech him, when they have followed any of those vices; and they also acknowledge that petitions are very rarely offered to the other deities.

They name a fifth, "Naggahpadonah"—the Atlas who is said to support the world; which they describe to consist of seven folds beneath, and as many above.

A person named "Dattoo," who is skilled in every sort of superstition, is the only resemblance of a priest among them; every village has one.

The only ceremony practised, of a religious nature, so far as I can hear, is the custom of invoking the shades of their ancestors. This is done at pleasure, in prosperity or adversity. The process of the ceremony is as follows:

A wooden mask is made, intended to represent the features of the deceased; this is worn by a clever fellow, who is dressed in all the regalia of a Rajah; and he is worshipped as the living representative of the departed object of their regard. A feast is made in honour of the dead, which lasts three days. The performer exercises all the authority that his skill suggests, and mixes his sayings with prophecies suited to the wishes of the audience.

The influence of the Dattoo over the deluded Battas is such, that they will engage in no undertaking, however trifling, without consulting him. He expounds all their religious books; and according to his interpretation, a day is chosen as propitious to their object, whether it be a suit, a journey, or war.

Of the moral conduct of these people, it grieves me to say, that it appears to be influenced by all the vile passions of an irregular and irritable constitution. Truth is seldom regarded, when in the way of their interests or feelings, and honesty is never founded on principle, but on the fear of detection. The general tenor of their lives has obliterated the recollection and practice of the laws of Seeree Padah and Bataragourou; and they have no priesthood, no Rajah to recal them, or to reprove their obstinate adherence to the principles of Mahalabhoolan, who is certainly no other than the devil.

Christian missionaries would find a good field for their labours among this people; for it is not ignorance of what is virtuous and good, but, as they themselves acknowledge, *natural depravity* that must be assigned as the principal cause of their present deplorable morals.—*Missionary Register.*

MISSIONARY STATIONS.

[CONTINUED.]

NAMAQUALAND. In South Africa.*Wesleyan Missions.*—1817.

Barnabas Shaw, Edward Edwards, *Missionary's*.
Jacob Links, *Native, Mis. to Bushmen.*

NEVIS. An island in the West Indies.*Wesleyan Missions*—1788.

John Dace, John Marshall.

NEW-ZEALAND. Two large Islands in the Pacifick Ocean, East of New South Wales. The northern island is about 600 miles in length, and 150 in breadth—the southern nearly as large.

Church Missionary Society.—1816.

John Butler, *Missionary.*

Thomas Kendall, Wm. Carlisle, Francis Hall, S. Butler, *Schoolmasters.* Wm. Hall, C. Gordon, John King, James Kemp, *Lay Settlers.*

ORENBURGH. In Russian Tartary—N. E. of the Caspian—the thoroughfare from Siberia to European Russia.

Edinburgh Missionary Society.—1814.

C. Frazer, G. M'Alpine.

Walter Buchanan, a *Cabardian*.

The Rev. Dr. Ross, as a *Missionary*, Mr. Gray, as a *Catechist*, and Mr. Selby as a *Settler*, have gone to this station.

PALAMCOTTA. A town in India, in the s. w. part of the peninsula—400 miles from Madras.

Church Missionary Society.—1817.

R. Graham, *English Schoolmaster*.

—Gahagan, *Malabar Schoolmaster*.

PALESTINE.

American Board of Commissioners.

The Rev. Levi Parsons, and the Rev. Pliny Fisk, *Missionaries*, have been sent out with a view of forming a station in the city of Jerusalem. They arrived at Smyrna, in Asia Minor, about the middle of Jan. last.—1820.

The Rev. L. Parsons has since been called to rest from his labours—and the Rev. Mr. Wolff, a converted Jew, and the Rev. Isaac Bird, have since joined Mr. Fisk. Their latest letters are dated in Upper Egypt on the Nile.—Sept. 1823.

PARRAMATTA. A town in New South Wales, 25 miles w. of Sydney.

Church Missionary Society.—1815.

Rev. Samuel Marsden.

A seminary is established here under the instruction of the *Missionary*. Twelve chiefs and sons of chiefs are among the pupils.

PATNA. A large city in India—the capital of Behar—320 miles n. w. of Calcutta—on the south bank of the Ganges, containing 500,000 inhabitants.

Baptist Missionary Society.—1812.

J. T. Thompson.

PEACE MOUNTAIN, or JERUSALEM. In South Africa, formerly called Africaner's Krall; beyond the Colony, about 550 miles n. of Cape Town.

London Missionary Society.—1815.

E. Ebner, Robert Moffat.

POLYNESIA.

Or the Isles of the Great South Sea.

I. SOCIETY ISLANDS.

London Missionary Society.—1797.

Otaheite, Eimeo, &c.

Missionaries. Henry Bicknell, Wm. P. Crook, Wm. Henry, Henry Nott, John Davis, James Hayward, Samuel Tessier, Charles Wilson, Wm. Ellis, L. E. Threlkeld, Charles Barff, J. M. Orsmond, Robert Bourne, David Darling, George Platt, John Williams.

John Gyles, *Cultivator*.

No less than nine of these islands have abandoned their idols, and acknowledged Jehovah as the true God, and Jesus Christ as the only Saviour. A printing press is established here. Many school books, and parts of the New Testament, have already been printed; and the whole Bible will be put to press, as soon as the *Missionaries* can complete the translation.

II. SANDWICH ISLANDS.

American Board of Commissioners.—1819.

Owhyhee, Atooi, &c.

Missionaries.—Rev. Hiram Bingham, Rev. Asa Thurston.

Assistants.—Mr. Daniel Chamberlain, *Agriculturist*; Dr. Thomas Holman, *Physician*; Mr. Samuel Whitney, *Mechanic and Schoolmaster*; Mr. Samuel Ruggles, *Catechist and Schoolmaster*; Mr. Elisha Loomis, *Printer & Schoolmaster*.

Native Teachers.—[Educated at the Foreign Mission School in Cornwall, Conn.]

John Honoree, *Native of Owhyhee*.

Thomas Hopoo, *do.* *do.*

Wm. Tennooe, *do.* *Atooi*.

Females.—Mrs. Bingham; Mrs. Thurston; Mrs. Chamberlain, accompanied by five children; Mrs. Holman, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Ruggles, and Mrs. Loomis.

RANGOON. The chief sea-port of the Burman empire, about 670 miles s. e. of Calcutta.

American Baptist Board of Missions.

Missionaries.—Adonijah Judson, George H. Hough, James Colman.

SAREPTA. In Russian Tartary, near Czaritza, on the Wolga.

United Brethren.—1765.

J. G. Schill, Christian Huebner.

SIERRA LEONE. A colony, belonging to Great Britain, on the western coast of Africa.

Church Missionary Society.

Nine Stations.

Freetown.—Thomas Jesty, *Schoolmaster*; George Fox, *Native Assistant*.

Kissey.—G. R. Nylander, *Minister*; Stephen Caulker, *Native Usher*; Mrs. Wenzel, *Schoolmistress*.

Charlotte.—Christopher Taylor, *Schoolmaster*; Mrs. Taylor, *Schoolmistress*.

Leopold.—Melchior Renner, *Minister*;—William Allen, *Native Assistant*.

Regent's Town.—W. A. B. Johnson, *Minister*; Wm. Tamba, Wm. Davis, and David Noah, *Native Teachers*.

Gloucester.—Henry During, *Minister*;—Mrs. During, *Schoolmistress*.

Leicester Mountain.—John G. Wilhelm, *Minister*; George S. Bell, *Schoolmaster*; John Maxwell, *Native Usher*.

Wilberforce.—Henry Charles Decker, *Minister*.

Kent.—Wm. Randall, *Superintendent*.

The following persons embarked at Falmouth for these stations, in January last:—*Missionary*, Mr. Johnson; *Schoolmasters*, James Lisk, and Robert Beckley; *Schoolmistresses*, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Lisk, Mrs. Beckley, Mary Boufler, Hannah Johnson, and Rebecca Price.

Wesleyan Missions.

At Freetown.—John Baker, *Missionary*. Mr. John Gilleson, who was associated with Mr. Baker in this mission, fell a victim to the climate in August last.

Poetick Department.

Addressed to some young ladies in "peculiar circumstances."

LINES

Written in the "Guide to Domestick Happiness," lent by a friend.--By the author of "PLEASURES OF RELIGION."

Oh, Thou, whose gospel first did peace impart,
And called to bliss my wandering, mourning heart;
Whose mercy pardons, and whose heavenly power
Sheds tenderest blessings on each passing hour;
Ah! should I e'er so lost, so wretched be,
To give my heart to one that loves not Thee;
Whose lips nor conduct, own nor seek my God,
Nor ask an interest in my Saviour's blood;
Whate'er his charms, his virtues, or his love;
My heart might break--its purpose should not move;
My hand! oh, never, never should he gain;
His love--nay mine--should plead, should weep in vain.

My heavenly Father! shouldst thou *only* lend
To me the name of child, of sister, friend;
Subdue my wayward wishes to thy will,
Teach me with joy each duty to fulfil;
But guard from love my heart, my ears, my eyes,
And shield my peace from its seductive sighs:
From pangs of hopeless love my bosom spare,
Nor let its torturing arrows rankle there.

My lovely friend! thy Guide I now restore;
It claims as duty what was choice before;
And oh! when love, in lasting, hallowed bands,
Shall join congenial hearts and yielding hands,
May the dear youth, so favoured and so blest,
The earthly sovereign of thy feeling breast,
May he, with heart renewed by grace divine,
Adore with thee the God that made him thine.

Oh, blest religion! thou canst bid us prove
New joys in friendship, softer charms in love:
The ties thou form'st more lasting joys contain
Than all romance or fancy e'er could feign:
Then souls unite, and, heavenly hope the same,
Each passion glows a brighter, holier flame.
How sweet the mutual faith! the banished fear!
The answering smile! the sympathetic tear!
How sweet, with hearts imprest for blessings given,
To breathe the united gratitude to heaven!
How sweet through life to share one fate, one heart,
With the blest hope in heaven no more to part!

TO A WITHERED VIOLET.

Wee flower! alas, thy blue ee closes,
Thou fairest gem of a' the posies,
Receiving, near the blushing roses,
The morning ray!
Thy beauty a' thy charms exposes
To swift decay.

Like thee, till Jamie's guelfu' art,
Won first my young and tentless heart,
I ken'd na o' love's painfu' smart,
An' a' was peace,
Each gale that pass'd, could bliss impart,
An' ilka breeze.

'Tis thus thou bidd'st thy sweets expand,
By vernal zephyrs softly fanned;
An' shed'st unseen, out owre the land,
Ambrosial breath,
An' scatter'st fragrance owre the hand
That seals thy death.

Humour.

An old gentleman, of the name of Gould, having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend to inform him of it, and concluded it thus:

So you see, my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with old Gould.

To which his friend replied,

A girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true,
But, believe me, dear sir, it is Gold without U!

On the bankruptcy of a person by the name of Homer.

"That Homer should a bankrupt be,
Is not so very Odd-d'ye-see
If it be true, as I'm instructed,
So Ill-he-had his books conducted."

A ball being about to take place at the house of one by the name of Cannon, a gentleman by the name of Noys was asked in company, whether he was to be present at it. To be sure, said a gentleman who heard it, how should a Cannon Ball go off without Noys?

On Lord Rockingham's becoming minister, during our disputes with Great Britain, a declaratory bill was brought into the House of Commons, which was judged to be too tame a measure. The following distich appeared at the time in the papers:

"You had better declare, which you may without shocking 'em.
That the nation's asleep, and the minister Rocking'em."

The facetious monarch Charles II, happened to ask his chaplain, Dr. Mountain, whom he should appoint to a Bishopric which was vacant, "Why, Sire," says the latter, "if your majesty had but faith, I could tell you." "How so," said the king, "if I had but faith?" "Why in that case," said the Dr. "your majesty might say to this Mountain be thou removed into the See."

When Dr. Goodenough was made Bishop of Carlisle, a certain dignitary whom the publick had expected would get the appointment, being asked by a friend how he came not to be the new Bishop? replied, "Because I was not Good-enough!"

The Rt. Rev. S. Goodenough, Ld. Bp. of Carlisle, lately preached before the Br. H. of Lords: during the sermon, one of the spectators, who, to be sure, might have been better employed, wrote the following lines:

'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the Lords should preach;
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach.

The Miscellaneous Cabinet

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